MARTHA M'CULLOCH-WILLIAMS

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Anice made a face at her image in the glass, saying as she shook a dainty fist at it: "You idiot! Why don't you make yourself look as ugly as you feel?"

"I think, my dear," Aunt Margaret said, sticking her head through the open door behind, "it is because vanity is a trifle stronger with you than apprehension. You think you don't want to marry Charley Cliffe. I know you don't want him to find you a fright."

"Isn't it horrible, being so vain, with ene's whole future in the balance?" Anice said, trying hard to be tearful. Aunt Margaret only laughed. After a little she said with twinkling eyes: "I have always thought vanity was among the heaven implanted instincts which help to save women from themselves. Now I am sure of it."

"What do you mean?" Anice cried. "Surely you don't, you can't, think I'm shamming?" Again Miss Gordon laughed and said: "Not consciously, my dear. The truth is I think you resent the fact that you have no choice in this made to order match."

"Well, wouldn't that gall any girl with the spirit of a mouse?" Anice demanded. Miss Gordon looked thoughtful. "It is unfortunate, as I see it." she said. "That, however, does not alter facts. Instead of cultivating a bostile mind, you had much better be fair. Remember, it is not the young man's fault. The blame, if blame there is, lies wholly with old Mme. Boynton. She wanted her fortune to go to you two, her step-grandchildren, the sole descendants of her two husbands. Besides, I think she reasoned that as Charley, whom she petted, would certainly marry somebody, it was just as well to put him in the way of marrying you."

"So if I say 'No' he gets the whole fortune, whereas he may 'relinquish' me and keep two-thirds of it," Anice said. "Aunty, I have the greatest mindto stain my face and dye my hair red and wear a grass green gown and a yellow stock"-

"A rainbow would become you ever so much better," some one said, coming through the door-some one tall and slim, with merry eyes and firm, muscular hands. He went straight up to Anice and kissed her upon both cheeks, saying: "Stars and garters! What a beauty you have turned out to Why didn't I come straight to see you? Nan, dear, I'm in the confessional. I've gone and courted another girl without ever giving you a chance"--

"Oh, how joily!" Anice cried. "With all that nonsense out of the way I am awfully glad to see you. I remember you as a real nice boy ever so many years back."

"I think you were a tartar, and I know you were ugly." Cliffe said, his eyes twinkling. "That's why I made up to the other one. What have you done to yourself? The girl I left behind me was sallow and scrawny and green eyed, with no hair to speak of, and fingers like talons"-

"And just up from six weeks of fever." Anice interrupted, shaking a mop of yellow brown curls at him. "I have spent an hour a day ever since forgetting how I looked just then. If I had known how faithfully you remember-

"Well, what?" Cliffe asked as she made a tentative pause.

"Oh, nothing," Anice returned. "I almost said I would have made myself live up to your recollections."

Cliffe laughed, then ran on: "Now that under our granddam's nightmare of a will we have duly arrived at years of indiscretion let's settle money matters out of hand. I'm going to relinquish you in the presence of witnesses. You may marry whom you please for all of me. I shall also give you half the money"-

"Oh, I think you are a dear!" Anice interrupted, dimpling all over her rosy face. "And you'll stay here's month, and we'll be the best comrades going. You'll tell me all about your sweet-

"On one, condition," Cliffe broke in. "That you get engaged to somebody before I go away."

"You are a trifle unreasonable," Anice said with a softly brilliant smile. "I want to be free-free as air for six whole months-before I even think of

bondage." Comrades the two became, comrades so close and congenial Miss Gordon looked after them sometimes with eyes that were not quite clear. "They were made for each other and will find it out too late," she said in her heart. Outwardly she kept silence. Fate had taken up the cards, and she had no-

mind to try crossing the deal. Cliffe spoke often of his betrothed, but always vaguely-she was as high as his heart, her eyes the color he loved best in all the world. When the wedding day was set Arrice and Aunt Margaret should know. He had no sort of doubt they would come to love his sweetheart as she so well deserved. Now and again he gave them messages out of her letters. Anice was insanely curious to read one of the letters through, but Cliffe would never agree

The month was almost ended. Next the last day of it Cliffe rode with we up Round Top to watch the sun down. It was Indian summer eather, with all the aft full of warm haze and dead ripe autumn scents. They went slowly, he leaning toward the girl all up the long slope. At the top he dismounted and held out his | sweeper replied .- London Telegraph.

arms to her, saying a little huskily: "Come! I will carry you to the very tip of the rocks."

Anice felt him tremble as she slipped into his arms. Her own heart beat furiously-she was beginning to find out what his presence or his absence would mean in her life. But she smiled back at him bravely when at last they stood hand in hand upon the craggy pinnacle. The sun sank, a globe of crimson, filling the whole world with rosy radiance. In that transfiguring illumination Anice had the face of an angel, serene, transparent to inner light. Cliffe laid his hand softly over hers and said very low, "It is hard to go down from all this to utter darkness." As he felt her shiver faintly he went on, "Anice, must a man suffer his whole life long because

of a mistake?" "I do not know what you mean," Anice said untruthfully, turning away her telltale eyes. Cliffe caught both her hands. "I think you do know," he said. "Anyway you know we love each other. Now, the question is, What shall we do?"

"Easily answered-for you," Anice said, her lips trembling. "You are going away - to keep your pledged

word"-"But you and my heart? Dare I leave both behind me?" Cliffe said very low, his voice thrilling strangely.

" 'I could not love thee, dear, so much loved I not honor more," Anice quoted almost under breath. "We-we are comrades," she ran on a little tremulously. "Comrades stand by each other, keep each other up to the mark"-

"Comrades indeed and sweethearts and shall be plighted lovers," Cliffe eried, catching her to him in a breathless clasp. "Anice, darling, forgive me. I deceived you. I said I had courted another girl and spoke the truth. But it was with the understanding that she refuse me. I had your picture, dearest-even that had taken me captivebut I knew you well enough to understand how little chance there was of making you love me if I appeared in the light of a necessary evil. I kept it up thus long because—well, because I wanted to find out how well you loved me. Dear heart, sweet one, say you forgive the comrade who tricked you because he feared to lose you."

"I do not see anything to forgive." Anice said, nestling to him with a little happy smile.

Sol Smith Russell and the Dog. Sol Smith Russell was once forced to accept the hospitality of a family where table manners were unknown CHARLES F. KOCHER. and coarseness prevailed. The people were liberal hearted, though, and treat-

ed the actor generously. For every favor received, for each dish passed or question asked Mr. Hussell responded with a "Thank you" or

other grateful acknowledgment. This constant "Thank you" annoyed the host and his family. In despera-

tion, they finally asked Mr. Russell to omit it. "Impossible!" said the actor. "I was

taught to be grateful. A good habit is as hard to break as a bad one." "Nonsense!" exclaimed the man of the house, humiliated by the rebuke.

"Nothing is impossible." "Very well, then." said the comedian, using his famous nasal drawl. "You first prevent your dog from wagging his tail for food given or kind word spoken; then I will omit my 'Thank

"I won't cut my dog's tail off for you or nobody," said the man as he affectionately patted his dog's head.

"Yes; your dog and I belong to the impossibilities," concluded Mr. Russell. -Boston Post.

A Wonderful Dream.

It was in the days of Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, that a cobbler mounted a royal throne. As the duke was traveling one night to Bruges he came upon a man stretched upon the ground sound asleep, and bade his attendants carry him to the palace, strip off his rags and place him, robed in fine linen, in his own bed.

When the man awoke next morning he was addressed as "your highness" and astounded to find himself among such rich surroundings. In vain he protested that he was no prince, but a poor cobbler; they asked him what clothing he would weat, and at last conducted him, splendidly dressed, to mass in the ducal chapel. Every ceremony was observed throughout the day, the cobbler appeared in public in his new role, was received on all sides, by command of he duke, with deep respect, and ended his brief reign in the

palace with a grand supper and ball. When presently he fell asleep he was reclothed in his rags and taken to the spot where he had been found when this practical joke was conceived. Waking in due time he returned home and related to his wife what he took to be his wonderful dream.

Silly Billy From Bolton.

In a certain town in the north of England there is a man known by the name of Silly Billy. Not feeling well one day, he sent for the doctor. After examination the doctor asked him if he would take a note to the Model Lodging house and he would give him sixpence. So Billy, not liking to refuse, said he would. But on the way there he came across a street sweeper that he knew. He told the sweeper where he was going, but he said if he would take the note he would give him threepence. So off he went and gave the landlord the note, and he found the following written:

"Give this man a bath and keep him in till tomorrow morning, and I will

call and see him." So the following morning the doctor came and was shown into his room. Looking at the man, he exclaimed:

Billy's head off when I see bim!" the

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